# STRANGEST POLICE STATION IN THE WORLD IS HIDDEN IN A STATELY ARCH IN LONDON

**HIGH Up in Stonework of Memorial to Wellington, at Hyde Park Corner, English Police Have Observation Post—Offers Constant Surveillance on British Ruler's Movements—Squad Always on Duty—Secret Signals—Massive Structure Can, if Necessary, be Packed With Troops and Machine Guns—Another Disguised Station.**

BY COMPTON PRICE.

LONDON, January 27, 1922.

IT is a conventional statement that King George is not guarded like other monarchs. But this is current fiction that deceives. He is all the better guarded because not aapparently watched.

Britain's monarch is loved and respected, but danger may come at any time from the fanatic, the mentally unbalanced or the hungry mob. The public does not know of the most striking form of secret observation that is kept on King George from the moment he leaves Buckingham Palace until his return.

The writer does not refer to the special police or to the plain clothes men of the force, but to the unsuspected surveillance that is kept on his movements from a mystery point that loks toward the palace.

Across the road from Hyde Park Corner is the well known monument once known as the Victory Arch, but now called the Wellington Arch. This huge mass of masonry plays a noteworthy part in the life of the king when he is in residence at Buckingham Palace.

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ALTHOUGH no one would suspect this impressive structure of affording "residential accommodation" for any creatures beyond birds, or possibly mice, sixteen policemen and an inspector constantly live there. Night and day duty takes them no farthar away than the corner. High up in the stonework of the arch, under the quadriga, as the galloping horses and chariot and the figure of Victory by Capt. Adrian Jones are called, are the living rooms of the policemen, where they pass their lives untroubled by the ordinary duties of their comrades of the force. They have an observation chamber which, like an eagle's eye, gives a bird's-eye view of London in many respects unparalleled.

Perhaps King George suddenly decides to have a gallop in Hyde Park's Rotten Row. He comes out of the palace apparently attended only by one or two gentlemen. From a small window in the Wellington Arch Inspector Fulcher, who is in charge of the special corps of "bobbies" in this disguised police station, looks down onstitution Hill to the palace gates. He sees the king leave the palace. Immediately signals are passed along. Messages are exchanged. A white-gloved hand is raised. Fingers move and twist. The hand disappears. Another hand is raised in reply. More mysterious movements are made with the fingers. This hand disappears. Then the silent conversation becomes general as the information is passed along.

The police on point duty are thus always prepared. They know whether the king is riding on horseback or in a motor car, and, if in the latter, whether it is closed or open.

Long before his majesty arrives the gates of the archway are thrown open. The king passed through. On his return the same mysterious signals are exchanged, though unsuspecting members of the public who may observe it wonder what it is all about.

When the king has passed the gates are closed. The inspector in his little room sighs with relief that his responsibility for one more such occasion has been faithfully discharged.

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THE incidents narrated represent a part played in the life of the king in town which the public does not know of.

Let us inspect the Wellington arch more closely. It is certainly the strangest police station in London, perhaps the world. This mass of masonry is of unimagined strength, and it gives from its summit the most comprehensive view in London. On a clear day one can see from its observation room London bridge and the Tower, while immediately below are Hyde Park and St. James' Park.

Constitution Hill, down to Buckingham Palace, is a gray ribbon. From the great height where the inspector stands at his window the Green Park is a child's nursery garden, the trees like toys. Piccadilly itself is a miniature moving picture, dotted with lumps, which are vehicles, and flies crawling about, which are pedestrians.

Let in the masonry of the arch is a little window, a mass of green plants backed by dainty lace curtains. This belongs to the room, in the northern leg of the archway, on the ground floor, of Mr. Dick, the keeper, under the office of works. In one of the other legs of the arch is a mysterious door. The public does not pass through the arch, which is always closed except for the passing of the king. Hence few people are aware of the existence of this door, which is actually inside the archway.

The appearance of the door intrigues one. There, however, unless privileged, or to be given privileges, one stops. For the door leads straight into the office of the special corps. By a little stone stairway one reaches the inspector's room.

From the noisy outside world comes no sound. The deafening roar of the leviathans of the traffic is still. A novelist might sit in this room in calm contemplation and produce great work. Or a poet might find inspiration in his eerie surroundings.

Mounting higher up the winding staircase eventually one comes to a long dormitory. Here is where the policemen sleep. Passing through that door painted stone color on the north side one comes out on the coping stone. It is the ledge under the wide quadriga.

Looked at from the ground this coping stone seems very ordinary, even narrow. But it isn't. It is many yards in width; in fact, it seems almost half the width of Piccadilly.

And then the view! From here one can distinguish in the gardens of Buckingham Palace young men, presumably some of the royal princes, playing a game of tennis. It is a hard court. It is a slashing game, too. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York often play there.

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BUT look over to the left and you will see the front of the palace. If the king at this moment came down the wide steps you would see him, but he is probably in his private suite. His suite of apartments usually have the blinds half-drawn.

There in the grim days of the war sat King George, on duty, like any soldier in the trenches. Night and day the observation officer at Wellington arch could see him passing the windows early in the morning and late at night.

Now, with "normalcy," or something approaching it, back again, the king once more dines out. Let us observe what happens on such an occasion. This is not a great dinner party, but just an informal affair at the house of an old friend. That is why his majesty is wearing an ordinary dress suit instead of court dress. When the king leaves his dressing room to pass into another of his suite the equerry in attendance on him that night is in conversation with another man. This man, whose appearance is otherwise ordinary, is noticeable for his very keen eyes. He is listening attentively to the equerry and making occasional notes in a pocketbook. As the king enters the man gives him a military salute and departs. It it the chief detective at the palace.

He is making his arrangements for the evening. Presently the equerry comes out of the writing room and enters the ante-room, where the detective is waiting. He gives to the detective the time the king will leave the palace, and the route to and from the house, where the king is to dine.

The detective shuts his pocketbook, dashes off and gets on the phone within a minute. Before the king leaves the palace every policeman on duty in the streets through which the king's carriage will pass has been notified of the fact. Wellington Arch knows. It watches the royal carriage leave the palace.

One minute after the king has left the chief detective himself follows on a bicycle. He is at the house of the king's host as soon as his majesty and remains to the end.

Is there any real necessity for this eternal vigilance of the police? There must be. Empty stomachs do not think. Fanatics will always be with us. That is why the keen eye of the policeman looking from the quiet room underneath the charioteers and their horses on the top of Wellington Arch must never sleep while the king is about.

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THAT is why, also, that great monument of stonework, erected to the memory of one of England's greatest soldiers, as chosen as a lookout post. But stay, is it only an observation post? That solid mass of masonry surely partakes of something in the nature of a fort, whatever it was originally intended for.

Look at the strength of it. Think of that coping stone on the top, half the width of Piccadilly. What a military blockhouse it would make, this Wellington Arch. If trained troops slapped their machine guns on the coping they could sweep the immediate surroundings of every living thing.

Hungry, unemployed mobs always make for Hyde Park when they wish to make a big appeal. The psychology of the thing is easy to understand. Hyde Park is London's playground and political platform. Great numbers of men can move about with ease in wide stretches of greensward. They can be addressed by their leaders from many different platforms and heated to frenzy by reminders of the injustice which begins with an empty stomach.

In crowded streets the police have an advantage. A few determined, disciplined men like the metropolitan constabulary can play with a crowd, drive it here and cut it off there at will, helped by impassive buildings and narrow thoroughfares. The unemployed have been chased and chivvied like sheep during the last few months. But the mob has an instinctive feeling that in a great open space they get a more sporting chance.

This, then, is another reason why the Wellington Arch is a police station, a police stronghold. It is a strategic position. That is accidental, but it is no accident that the police have taken over this impressive monument as their headquarters for observation on the movements of the king.

Another unsuspected police station exists in the well known and beautiful marble arch at the other side of the park—the Oxford street entrance. This is used by the policemen on duty in the vicinity of Oxford street and Edgware road. A mere shell, in spite of its deceptive appearance of massiveness, it would hold a few hundred men in an emergency. A mob that got out of hand in Hyde Park would, despite their seeming freedom to move about, be at the mercy of police and troops.

The holding of Wellington Arch and the Marble Arch positions gives the police an overpowering advantage. It enables them suddenly to fling reserves on to the streets, to check a mob entering or leaving the park.

But above all it permits them to cast an eagle glance over the metropolis, to guard against any sudden rising of the mob.

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CONSIDERED from the defensive point of view, a handful of soldiers with machine guns could carry destruction over a wide area of the neighborhood. Big guns or explosives only could raze this pile to the ground.

During the recent holiday season the forces of police in the Marble and the Wellington arches, the former particularly, were kept at "fighting" strength, for active trouble with the unemployed was anticipated. Not only had there been wild talk by extremists, but the police had evidence of a definite plan for guerrilla visits to shops and restaurants in the fashionable "West End." Shortly before Christmas 160 workless men ordered food at a restaurant of the "dairy kitchen" order near Clapham Junction, and after the meal sang the "Marseillaise," flourished a red flag and made incendiary speeches. On quitting the restaurant each man paid the equivalent of 6 cents for his meal, a payment which the management found it prudent to accept, though it represented only a fraction of the value of the food consumed.

Following this incident came reliable information that the extremists had plans maturing for an incursion into the better class districts of London, but a suggestion for night marches with "demonstrations" in residential quarters collapsed, it is stated, on the matter coming to the knowledge of the police.

The idea afterward favored was a protest against "the Christmas extravagance of the West End rich," while many unemployed remained in dire need. The police commissioner deemed it advisable to warn the public that a "disturbance" might occur and the alertness of the authorities was shown by the manner in which an afternoon procession of unemployed, which took place two days before Christmas, was "shepherded" throughout by a strong force of policemen on foot, with mounted constables as rearguard.

Comprising about 200 men and perhaps half as many women and girls, this procession made for Hyde Park. There speakers announced that as the police had gained knowledge of their plans, the projected demonstration would be abandoned. Occasional rain and an icy wind assisted in cooling the ardour of the would-be demonstrators. Having let off steam, the unemployed marched eastward through Oxford street, one of the main thoroughfares, at a time when it was crowded with Christmas buyers, but perfect order was maintained, and no "incident" occurred.

The day may be far distant when the Wellington Arch is occupied by troops with machine guns grouped round the coping. It may never come, but the times are always dangerous when unemployed and hungry men are about. Mobs never think. The human brain does not function normally when hunger gnaws. Machine guns and troops may yet be necessary where only policemen are now.

THE WELLINGTON ARCH, AT HYDE PARK CORNER, A DISGUISED POLICE STATION AND MILITARY POST. HIGH UP IN THE STONEWORK THE POLICE HAVE AN OBSERVATION CHAMBER, FROM WHICH A TIRELESS SURVEILLANCE IS KEPT OVER KING GEORGE.

KING GEORGE WITH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCE HENRY, LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND PROCEEDING UP CONSTITUTION HILL, THE DIRECTION OF WELLINGTON ARCH, UNDER THE EYES OF WATCHERS.

## Light From Crystals.

ALL diamonds do not shine in the dark after exposure to sunlight or electric light, but some do to a remarkable degree. A diamond rubbed with a woolen cloth or against a hard surface will sometimes shine brilliantly. The emission of light is a property belonging to many, if not all, kinds of crystals.

A variety of white marble found in this country gives out a flame-colored glow when pounded, and bright flashes when scratched with steel. In northern New York, it is said, is found a kind of stone, known locally as "hell-fire rock," which exhibits bright sulphur-colored streaks when scratched in the dark. Pieces of rose quartz rubbed together exhibit brilliant flashes, sometimes bright enough to illuminate the hands of the person holding them. Smoked quarts and other varieties sometimes show a similar phenomenon.

# THE RAMBLER WRITES OF FAMOUS OLD TOBACCO WAREHOUSES OF MARYLAND

**A SEARCH Through Yellow Records Which Show Dates of Establishment of Many Nearby Towns—Government Inspectors Provided by Law—A Year of Lawlessness, When "Evil-Minded Persons" Cut Off Tobacco Plants—Facts About Bladensburg and the Naming of Various Towns and Villages.**

IN the first chapter of the series of narratives tracing the origin of Bladensburg the Rambler incorporated an act of the Maryland legislature of 1773 establishing certain tobacco warehouses in the southern counties. The interest in that matter was not that such warehouses were established, but in the places at which they had been set up. That act of the legislature brought to our notice the names of men who were important in our neighborhood a century and a half ago and whose descendants and collateral relations must be numerous. It also laid before us names of places that disappeared long ago and whose names are not to be found on present-day maps. There was also mention of many places which we know today, and finding reference to them in the records of 1773 stimulates our consciousness of their age and makes many of us think, "My! My! What a venerable hamlet that is!"

In the act of 1773 references were found to the land of "the late" Philip Key at Chaptico, the land of Stephen Milburn at St. Inigoes, the land of John Llewellin at Wicomico, the land of Abram Barnes at the courthouse of St. Marys county, the land of Francis Brooke on St. Cuthbert's creek, the land of "the late" Hugh Hopewell at Town creek, Benedict-Town on the Patuxent, John Parnham's land at Pile's Fresh, Charles Jones' land at Lower Cedar Point, Chandler's Point on Port Tobacco creek, Richard Harrison's land at Nanjemoy on the Potomac, William Smallwood's land at Chickamuxen creek on the Potomac, John Truman Stoddert's land at Pamunkey creek on the Potomac, Queen Anne-Town on the Patuxent, Thomas Sim Lee's land at Marlborough, James Russell's land at Nottingham, the land of Alexander Magruder, Dr. David Ross' land at Bladensburg, Enoch Magruder's land at Broad creek on the Potomac and John Hawkins' land at Piscataway.

Discussing the act of 1773, the Rambler wrote:

"Tobacco warehouses were not created by the act in question at all the places named. The act was a restatement of the location of tobacco warehouses in the three counties (St. Marys, Charles and Prince Georges). Tobacco warehouses had been set up at nearly all these places half a century before the passage of that act. But when a warehouse got out of repair or was outgrown by the trade, or for one of many other reasons, a new building was constructed and it was often set up in the same neighborhood and on another man's land. There was a tobacco warehouse at Bladensburg at least as early as 1746, for Christopher Lowndes was a prominent merchant of Bladensburg in that year and he was importing European goods, taking tobacco in payment and shipping that tobacco to Europe. This is evidence, amounting almost to proof, that there was an inspection warehouse at that place at that time."

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IN the records of the legislature of 1749 the Rambler finds "An act for altering and establishing certain tobacco warehouses." The act recites that in the case of the warehouse on the lower side of Hunting creek, in Calvert county, near the place where the warehouse of Benjamin Hance now stands, the "location of the tobacco warehouse shall be changed to Hunting-Town on said creek."

Under the heading of St. Marys county it is set forth that "on a plantation where a certain Gilbert Mackey lives a warehouse shall be appointed, instead of that appointed at the head of St. Marys river at the usual landing, and a warehouse shall be appointed at St. Inegoes on the land of Stephen Milburn and at Wiccocomoco on the land of John Llewellen." In Charles county it is provided that a warehouse shall be appointed at Chandler's point, on the land of William Neale "in the room and stead of that appointed at the head of Port Tobacco creek at a place called Washtank." In Prince Georges county a warehouse should be established on Chickamuxen creek, Potomac river, on the land of Henry Moore "in the room and stead of that at Mattawoman creek, on Benjamin Bullett's land." A warehouse should be "established and erected at the head of Piscataway creek on the land of John Hawkins, jr., in the room and stead of that established at or near Rawlings landing on Piscataway creek, and under the same inspection service with the warehouse at Broad creek."

The act of 1749 establishes a warehouse on the land of John Stoddart at Pamunkey creek, on the Potomac. It is provided under the head of Anne Arundel county that a warehouse shall be established at Elk Ridge landing, on the Patapsco, on the southern side of the old Elk Ridge or Middle landing, "near to where Thomas Johnson lately dwelt, on the land now belonging to Philip Hammond, Esq." and that "a warehouse should be established at the head of a creek called Watkins creek, issuing out of West river, on the land of Thomas Sprigg."

In Queen Anne county there were at the time of the act in question warehouses, "appointed for inspecting tobacco, on the land of Richard Porter, jr., and at the landing of Humphrey Wells, jr." These were ten miles apart and were served by one inspector, or, as the act has it, "they are under one inspection." It was ordered that two inspectors be provided, the inspector at the warehouse on Richard Porter's land to receive "forty-five pounds current money per annum," and the inspector at the warehouse at Humphrey Wells' landing to be paid forty pounds a year. A house built by Grundy Pemberton for "prizing" tobacco at Tuckahoo bridge, in Queen Anne county, should be taken over as a warehouse appointed for the inspection of tobacco, and at Choptank bridge a warehouse, wharf and crane should be built. It was ordered that a warehouse should be set up on the land of Sutton Isaac or Isaacs, on "Plumb point," in Calvert county, and the justices of Prince George county were authorized to rent a house in any part of Upper Marlborough, "paying to the owner twelve pence current money for each hogshead of tobacco stored therein."

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GOING back two years earlier in the records of the Maryland council and assembly—that is, in 1747—the Rambler found an act relating to warehouses for the inspection of tobacco in Maryland near the site of Washington, and there were in that year warehouses at the following places:

In St. Marys county at Chaptico, on the land of Philip Key; on the land of Abraham Barnes, at the head of St. Marys river, at the usual landing place; at Mr. Cole's, at Coles creek; at Town creek, on the land of Hugh Hopewell.

In Anne Arundel county, at Elk Ridge landing, on the Patapsco; at Indian landing, on the Severn; at the Ferry, south side of the Magothy; at "Macclefishe's, alias Howards point, on the south side of South river"; at "a landing commonly called Taylor's, near Kilkenny, on Patapsco"; at Pig point, on Patuxent, and at Thomas Sprigg's point, "near where the ships lie in West river."

In Calvert county, at the head of St. Leonards creek, on the lower side of Hunting creek, near Mr. Hance's warehouse, and at Lower Marlborough.

In Charles county, at Benedict-Town, on Patuxent; at Piles' fresh, on Mrs. Jane Parnham's land at the head of Wiccocomico river; at Lower Cedar point, on Charles Jones' land; at the head of Port Tobacco creek, at a place called Washtank, on the land of William Neale; at Nanjemoy on the Potomac on the land of Richard Harrison and at Mattawoman creek and Benjamin Bullett's land.

In Prince Georges county; at the head of Rock creek, "in the rolling house, which George Gordon built"; at Bladensburg, "on the lot and at the warehouse of Dr. David Ross"; at Broad creek on the land of Humphrey Batts; on Piscataway creek at or near Richard Rawlings' landing; at Queen Anne Town on Patuxent; at Upper Marlborough; at Nottingham, and at or near Trumans point on Patuxent.

Going back through the crisp and yellow pages of the ancient records of the legislature, the Rambler found acts interesting to him and which may be interesting to a sufficient number of readers to make it worth while mentioning them in these chronicles.

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IN 1742 there was an act dividing the parish of Prince Georges in Prince Georges county and creating All Souls' parish, the south and east boundary of the new parish being a "line, drawn from the mouth of the Great Seneca run to the head of said run and then due east to the head of one of the draughts of Patuxent river." In 1732 the vestry of Dunham parish in Charles county petitioned the assembly for an assessment of 60,000 pounds of tobacco on the "taxables" of the county for the rebuilding of the church, "the old church being passed repairing." In the same year, 1732, St. Paul's parish of Prince Georges county was authorized to levy a tax of 20,000 pounds of tobacco a year "for a number of years till a sufficient sum be raised for the erection of a chapel of ease."

The parent church of St. Paul's parish is that which we know best as "Rock Creek Church," and in this grant of the right to raise funds for building a "chapel of ease" in 1732 the Rambler thinks he finds the beginning of the first Episcopal church in what is now Montgomery county and which was probably the little chapel on Paint branch, about which the Rambler has already written.

In 1732 there seems to have been a good deal of lawlessness in Maryland and laws were made against "the cutting up of tobacco plants." One of the acts against this practice recited that "evil-minded persons in many places in great numbers have violently cut up the tobacco plants on several plantations and seduced several honest people to countenance their outrageous proceedings, some of which evil-minded persons have given out in threatening and menacing speeches that people's houses and tobacco shall be burned and destroyed." And "for the preventing of such outrages and punishing such as shall be guilty thereof," it was provided that anybody cutting, or causing to be cut, tobacco plants should, on conviction, be sentenced to at least six months in prison and that the penalty for burning a house should be "death as a felon without benefit of clergy."

In 1729 it was provided that a new courthouse for Charles county should be "erected at the head of Port Tobacco creek at a place of greater convenience than the present site" and that "the present courthouse is so far impaired, ruined and decayed," that it should not be repaired. The new site for the courthouse was "commonly called Chandler-Town, on the east side of the creek." The county justices were directed "to make choice of three acres of land for a new courthouse and prison." That was the beginning of the old town of Port Tobacco, which remained the court town of Charles county until the burning of the courthouse and the removal of the county seat to a place now called La Plata. The Rambler's recollection is that the change to La Plata was made in the early 90s, or it may have been the late 80s, and the name "La Plata" was that of a plantation owned by one of the Chapman family.

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IN 1730 there was passed an act "supplementary to an act for laying out a town in St. Mary's county at a place formerly called Seymour Town." The supplementary act recites that "Thomas Spalding, jr., owner of the land on which the new town was laid out, has been prevented from making use of such land" and the act directs that "he be allowed to use the land until the lots shall have been taken up." It is also said that the acre of land on which the courthouse stands was given by Philip Lines, esquire, deceased, to the justices of the county, "but through the negligence of the then clerk, the same doth not appear upon record."

The Rambler infers that this act refers to Leonardtown, which seems to take its name from Benedict Leonard Calvert, royal Governor of Maryland from 1727 to 1731, and, as this supplementary act was passed in 1730, the act creating a town, to be called Leonardtown, was no doubt passed in 1727, 1728 or 1729, and probably in 1727. The Rambler expects to come upon that old act. Here are three things discovered or rediscovered which few of our generation knew: Bladensburg was established in 1742 on the site or close to the site of an earlier settlement called Garrisons Landing; Port Tobacco was created in 1729 on the site of a settlement called Chandler Town, and Leonardtown was established about 1727 or 1728 on the site of an earlier settlement, called Seymour Town.

Of course, there is a possibility that Leonardtown may have been named after Benedict Leonard Calvert, proprietary of Maryland from 1684 to 1688, but without having the records before him, the Rambler bets on the date 1727 or 1728. The supplementary act of 1730 speaks of the new town on the site of Seymour Town. That town was most likely named after John Seymour, who was royal governor from 1704 to 1709. But if the Rambler is doing a bad piece of conjecturing in this matter he has a bunch of good and scholarly old friends at the St. Mary's Hotel who will set him right.

The town we call Benedict, on the Patuxent, to which so many Washington people go a-fishing, and which is memorable in our annals as the place of debarkation of the British force which routed us at Bladensburg and captured Washington in August, 1814, is probably of about the same age as Leonardtown. In some of the old papers the Rambler finds the little old village on the Patuxent called Benedict - Leonard-Town, and it was probably named after Gov. Benedict Leonard Calvert (1727-1731) and was very likely laid out on the site of a settlement where lived the ancestors of some who follow these narratives.

There are many more rude scratches on my note paper, but I cannot translate them until next Sunday.

BOSTWICK HOUSE.

OLD MILL NEAR BLADENSBURG.

## Electrical Inertia.

THERE is a curious experiment with an electiro discharge conducted round a right-angled corner. The corner is formed by bending sharply the conducting wire. A photographic plate inclosed in a hard-rubber holder is placed under the wire in such a way that the discharge will descend toward it, then turn at a right angle and pass horizontally above it.

It is found that when a negative discharge passes down the wire to the angle the electrical particles keep straight on their way instead of turning, penetrating the rubber cover and affecting the inclosed plate. But when the discharge is positive, no such effect is produced. The current apparently turns the right-angled corner without, so to speak, shooting off at the bend.

## Cleopatra's Pearl.

EVERY one knows the story which is told of Cleopatra to illustrate her luxurious habits of living—namely, that she dissolved in her wine a precious pearl. No one seems to have questioned what must have been the effect upon the drink, but one scientist, at least, questions pointedly the possibility of such a solution.

Do we not all believe that the magnificent Cleopatra, regardless of expense, dissolved in her wine cup a pearl of great price, as if it had been a lump of sugar? Is not the "fact" familiar to every one? Yet, if you test it, you will find the fact to be that pearls are not soluble in wine. The most powerful vinegar attacks but very slowly and never entirely dissolves them, for the organic matter remains behind, in the shape of a spongy mass larger than the original pearl.